THE

WORKS

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD BYRON.

THE

WORKS

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD BYRON.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE—POEMS—HEBREW MELODIES.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1817.

V. Written at Athens 32
VI. Written after swimming from Sestos to Abydos 33
VII. Song 36
VIII. Translation of a Greek war song . . 39
IX. Translation of a Romaic song . . . 43
X. Written beneath a Picture 47
XI. On Parting 49
XII. To Thyrza 52
XIII. Stanzas 56
XIV. To Thyrza 60
XV. Euthanasia 66
XVI. Stanzas 70
XVII. Stanzas 76
XVIII. On a Cornelian Heart which was broken 80
XIX. To a youthful Friend 82
XX. To ****** 89
XXI. From the Portuguese 93
XXII. Impromptu in Reply to a Friend . . 94
XXIII. Address on the opening of Drury-lane Theatre 95
XXIV. To Time 101

CONTENTS.

XXV. Translation of a Romaic Love Song . 104
XXVI. A Song 109
XXVII. Origin of Love 112
XXVIII. Remember him 113
XXIX. Lines inscribed upon a cup formed from a skull 118
XXX. To a Lady weeping 121
XXXI. From the Turkish 123
XXXII. To Genevra 126
XXXIII. To Genevra 128
XXXIV. Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog 130
XXXV. Farewell 133
XXXVI. Verses on Sir P. Parker 135
Notes to the Poems 139

HEBREW MELODIES.

She walks in beauty 147
The harp the monarch minstrel swept 149
If that high world 151
The wild gazelle 153

CONTENTS.

Oh ! weep for those 156

On Jordan's banks 158

Jephtha's daughter 160

Oh ! snatched away in beauty's bloom . . . 163

My soul is dark 165

I saw thee weep 167

Thy days are done 169

Song of Saul before his last battle 17

Saul 173

"All is vanity, saith the Preacher" 176

When coldness wraps this suffering clay . . . 179

Vision of Balshazzar 182

Sun of the sleepless 187

Were my bosom as false as thou deemst it to be . 188

Herod's lament for Mariamne 190

On the day of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus . 193

By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept . 19

The destruction of Semnacherib 19

From Job 20

ODE

TO

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

"Expende Annibalem:—quot libras in duce summo
"Invenies?——

JUVENAL, Sat. X.

"The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the "*Senate*, by the *Italians*, and by the Provincials of "*Gaul*; his moral virtues, and military talents, were "loudly celebrated; and those who derived any private benefit from his government, announced in "prophetic strains the restoration of public felicity.

*   *   *   *   *   *

*   *   *   *   *   *

"By this shameful abdication, he protracted his life "a few years, in a very ambiguous state, between "an Emperor and an Exile, till———

Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vol. 6, p. 220.

ODE.

I.

'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
And armed with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our Earth with hostile bones?
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fall'n so far.

II.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
 Who bowed so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
 Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestioned,—power to save—
Thine only gift hath been the grave
 To those that worshipped thee;
Nor, till thy fall, could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

III.

Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
 To after-warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
 And vainly preached before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
 That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre-sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

IV.

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife[1]—
The earthquake shout of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—
All quelled!—Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

V.

The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

VI.

He[2] who of old would rend the oak,
Dreamed not of the rebound;
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke,
Alone—how looked he round?—
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest-prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

VII.

The Roman,[3] when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home.
He dared depart, in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandoned power.

VIII.

The Spaniard,[4] when the lust of sway
  Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
  An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
  His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
  The thunderbolt is wrung—
Too late thou leav'st the high command
  To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart,
  To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

X.

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
And thanked him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

XI.

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain—
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain.
If thou hadst died as honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again—
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

XII.

Weighed in the balance, hero dust
  Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
  To all that pass away;
But yet methought, the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
  To dazzle and dismay;
Nor deemed Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

XIII.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
  Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
  Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
  Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem!

XIV.

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile,
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand,
In loitering mood, upon the sand,
That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferred his by-word to thy brow.

XV.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage [5]
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prisoned rage?
But one—"The world *was* mine?"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit poured so widely forth—
So long obeyed—so little worth!

XVI.

Or like the thief of fire from heaven, [6]
  Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
  His vulture and his rock!
Foredoomed by God—by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
  The very Fiend's arch mock; [7]
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

NOTES.

Note 1, page 7, line 2.

The rapture of the strife—

Certaminis *guadia,* the expression of Attila in his harangue to his army, previous to the battle of Chalons, given in Cassiodorus.

Note 2, page 8, line 1.

He who of old would rend the oak.—

Milo.

Note 3, page 8, line 10.

The Roman, when his burning heart—

Scylla.

Note 4, page 9, line 1.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway—

Charles V.

Note 5, page 12, line 10.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage—

The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane.

Note 6, page 13, line 1.

Or like the thief of fire from heaven—

Prometheus.

Note 7, page 13, line 7.

The very Fiend's arch mock—

"The fiend's arch mock—

"To lip a wanton, and suppose her chaste."—

Shakspeare.

POEMS.

POEMS.

I.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

1.

s o'er the cold sepulchral stone
Some name arrests the passer-by;
us, when thou view'st this page alone,
May mine attract thy pensive eye!

2.

nd when by thee that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
flect on me as on the dead,
And think my heart is buried here.

September 14*th*, 1809.

II.

*To * * **

Oh Lady! when I left the shore,
The distant shore, which gave me birth,
I hardly thought to grieve once more,
To quit another spot on earth:
Yet here, amidst this barren isle,
Where panting Nature droops the head,
Where only thou art seen to smile,
I view my parting hour with dread.
Though far from Albin's craggy shore,
Divided by the dark-blue main;
A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,
Perchance I view her cliffs again:

But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
  Through scorching clime, and varied sea,
Though Time restore me to my home,
  I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee:

On thee, in whom at once conspire
  All charms which heedless hearts can move,
Whom but to see is to admire,
  And, oh! forgive the word—to love.

Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
  With such a word can more offend;
And since thy heart I cannot share,
  Believe me, what I am, thy friend.

And who so cold as look on thee,
  Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less?
Nor be, what man should ever be,
  The friend of Beauty in distress?

Ah! who would think that form had past
  Through Danger's most destructive path,
Had braved the death-winged tempest's blast,
  And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath?
Lady! when I shall view the walls
  Where free Byzantium once arose;
And Stamboul's Oriental halls
  The Turkish tyrants now enclose;
Though mightiest in the lists of fame,
  That glorious city still shall be;
On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,
  As spot of thy nativity:
And though I bid thee now farewell,
  When I behold that wond'rous scene,
Since where thou art I may not dwell,
  'Twill soothe to be, where thou hast been.

September, 1

III.

STANZAS

Written in passing the Ambracian Gulph,

November 14th, 1809.

1.

THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,
Full beams the moon on Actium's coast:
And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,
The ancient world was won and lost.

2.

And now upon the scene I look,
The azure grave of many a Roman;
Where stern Ambition once forsook
His wavering crown to follow woman.

3.

Florence! whom I will love as well
As ever yet was said or sung,
(Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell)
Whilst thou art fair and I am young;

4.

Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,
When worlds were staked for ladies' eyes:
Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
Thy charms might raise new Anthonies.

5.

Though Fate forbids such things to be,
Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curled!
I cannot lose a world for thee,
But would not lose thee for a world.

STANZAS

Composed October 11th 1809, during the night, in a thunder-storm; when the guides had lost the road to Zitza, near the range of mountains formerly called Pindus, in Albania.

1.

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,
Where Pindus' mountains rise,
And angry clouds are pouring fast
The vengeance of the skies.

2.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
And lightnings, as they play,
But show where rocks our path have crost,
Or gild the torrent's spray.

3.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
When lightning broke the gloom—
How welcome were its shade!—ah, no!
'Tis but a Turkish tomb.

4.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,
I hear a voice exclaim—
My way-worn countryman, who calls
On distant England's name.

5.

A shot is fired—by foe or friend?
Another—'tis to tell
The mountain-peasants to descend,
And lead us where they dwell.

6.

Oh! who in such a night will dare
To tempt the wilderness?
And who 'mid thunder peals can hear
Our signal of distress?

7.

And who that heard our shouts would rise
To try the dubious road?
Nor rather deem from nightly cries
That outlaws were abroad.

8.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!
More fiercely pours the storm!
Yet here one thought has still the power
To keep my bosom warm.

9.

While wand'ring through each broken path,
O'er brake and craggy brow;
While elements exhaust their wrath,
Sweet Florence, where art thou?

10.

Not on the sea, not on the sea,
Thy bark hath long been gone:
Oh, may the storm that pours on me,
Bow down my head alone!

11.

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,
When last I pressed thy lip;
And long ere now, with foaming shock,
Impelled thy gallant ship.

12.

Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now
Hast trod the shore of Spain;
'Twere hard if ought so fair as thou
Should linger on the main.

13.

And since I now remember thee
In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry
Which mirth and music sped;

14.

Do thou amidst the fair white walls,
If Cadiz yet be free,
At times from out her latticed halls
Look o'er the dark blue sea;

15.

Then think upon Calypso's isles,
Endeared by days gone by;
To others give a thousand smiles,
To me a single sigh.

16.

And when the admiring circle mark
The paleness of thy face,
A half formed tear, a transient spark
Of melancholy grace,

17.

Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun
  Some coxcomb's raillery;
Nor own for once thou thought'st of one,
  Who ever thinks on thee.

18.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
  When severed hearts repine,
My spirit flies o'er mount and main,
  And mourns in search of thine.

V.

Written at Athens.

JANUARY 16, 1810.

THE spell is broke, the charm is flown!
  Thus is it with life's fitful fever:
We madly smile when we should groan;
  Delirium is our best deceiver.
Each lucid interval of thought
  Recalls the woes of Nature's charter,
And he that acts as wise men ought,
  But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

Written after swimming from Sestos to Abydos[1].

MAY 9, 1810.

1.

IF, in the month of dark December,
  Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
  To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

2.

If, when the wintry tempest roared,
He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
And thus of old thy current poured,
Fair Venus! how I pity both!

3.

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I've done a feat to-day.

4.

But since he crossed the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo,—and—Lord knows what beside,
And swam for Love, as I for Glory;

5.

'Twere hard to say who fared the best:
Sad mortals! thus the Gods still plague you!
He lost his labour, I my jest:
For he was drowned, and I've the ague.

VII.

SONG.

Ζωη μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ[2].

ATHENS, 1810.

1.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζώη μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

2

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μȣ̃, σάς ἀγαϖω.

3.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers[3] that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By Love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μȣ̃, σάς ἀγαϖῶ.

VII.

SONG.

Ζωη μȣ, σάς ἀγαπῶ[2].

ATHENS, 1810.

1.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζώη μȣ̃, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

2

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μȣ̃, σάς ἀγαπω.

3.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers[3] that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By Love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μȣ̃, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

4.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol[4],
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώη μȣ̃, σας ἀγαπῶ.

VIII.

Translation of the famous Greek War Song, Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων, written by Riga, who perished in the attempt to revolutionize Greece. The following translation is as literal as the author could make it in verse; it is of the same measure as that of the original. See Appendix to Vol. 1.

1.

Sons of the Greeks, arise!
  The glorious hour's gone forth,
And, worthy of such ties,
  Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks! let us go
In arms against the foe,
Till their hated blood shall flow
  In a river past our feet.

2.

Then manfully despising
 The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
Let your country see you rising,
 And all her chains are broke.
Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
 Behold the coming strife!
Hellénes of past ages,
 Oh, start again to life!
At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
 Your sleep, oh, join with me!
And the seven-hilled[5] city seeking,
 Fight, conquer, till we're free.

Sons of Greeks, &c.

3.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
  Lethargic dost thou lie?
Awake, and join thy numbers
  With Athens, old ally!
Leonidas recalling,
  That chief of ancient song,
Who saved ye once from falling,
  The terrible! the strong!
Who made that bold diversion
  In old Thermopylæ,
And warring with the Persian
  To keep his country free;

With his three hundred waging
  The battle, long he stood,
And like a lion raging,
  Expired in seas of blood.

Sons of Greeks, &c.

IX.

Translation of the Romaic Song,

“ Μπενω μες 'τσ' ϖέριϐόλι

“ Ω'ραιότατη Χάηδή,” &c.

The song from which this is taken is a great favourite with the young girls of Athens of all classes. Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in the chorus. I have heard it frequently at our “ χόροι” in the winter of 1810-11. The air is plaintive and pretty.

1.

I ENTER thy garden of roses,
  Beloved and fair Haideé,
Each morning where Flora reposes,
  For surely I see her in thee.

Oh, Lovely! thus low I implore thee,
Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
Which utters its song to adore thee,
Yet trembles for what it has sung;
As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
Through her eyes, through her every feature,
Shines the soul of the young Haideé.

2.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
When Love has abandoned the bowers;
Bring me hemlock—since mine is ungrateful,
That herb is more fragrant than flowers.

The poison, when poured from the chalice,
  Will deeply embitter the bowl;
But when drunk to escape from thy malice,
  The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
Too cruel! in vain I implore thee
  My heart from these horrors to save:
Will nought to my bosom restore thee?
  Then open the gates of the grave.

3.

As the chief who to combat advances
  Secure of his conquest before,
Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
  Hast pierced through my heart to its core.

Ah, tell me, my soul! must I perish
By pangs which a smile would dispel?
Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,
For torture repay me too well?
Now sad is the garden of roses,
Beloved but false Haideé!
There Flora all withered reposes,
And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

X.

Written beneath a Picture.

1.

Dear object of defeated care!
Though now of Love and thee bereft,
To reconcile me with despair
Thine image and my tears are left.

2.

'Tis said with Sorrow Time can cope;
But this I feel can ne'er be true:
For by the death-blow of my Hope
My Memory immortal grew.

XI.

On Parting.

1.

The kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left,
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.

2.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see:
The tear that from thine eyelid streams
Can weep no change in me.

3.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

4.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak:
Oh! what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak?

5.

By day or night, in weal or woe,
  That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
  And silent ache for thee.

XII.

TO THYRZA.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,
And say, what Truth might well have said,
By all, save one, perchance forgot,
Ah, wherefore art thou lowly laid?
By many a shore and many a sea
Divided, yet beloved in vain;
The past, the future fled to thee
To bid us meet—no—ne'er again!

Could this have been—a word, a look
  That softly said, "We part in peace,"
Had taught my bosom how to brook,
  With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.
And didst thou not, since Death for thee
  Prepared a light and pangless dart,
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
  Who held, and holds thee in his heart?
Oh! who like him had watched thee here?
  Or sadly marked thy glazing eye,
In that dread hour ere death appear,
  When silent Sorrow fears to sigh,
Till all was past? But when no more
  'Twas thine to reck of human woe,
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
  Had flowed as fast—as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day
  In these, to me, deserted towers,
'Ere called but for a time away,
  Affection's mingling tears were ours?
Ours too the glance none saw beside;
  The smile none else might understand;
The whispered thought of hearts allied,
  The pressure of the thrilling hand;
The kiss so guiltless and refined
  That Love each warmer wish forbore;
Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,
  Ev'n passion blushed to plead for more.
The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
  When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
The song, celestial from thy voice,
  But sweet to me from none but thine;

The pledge we wore—I wear it still,
 But where is thine?—ah, where art thou?
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
 But never bent beneath till now!
Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
 The cup of woe for me to drain.
If rest alone be in the tomb,
 I would not wish thee here again;
But if in worlds more blest than this
 Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
Impart some portion of thy bliss,
 To wean me from mine anguish here.
Teach me—too early taught by thee!
 To bear, forgiving and forgiv'n:
On earth thy love was such to me;
 It fain would form my hope in heav'n!

XIII.

STANZAS.

1.

Away, away, ye notes of woe!
Be silent thou once soothing strain,
Or I must flee from hence, for, oh!
I dare not trust those sounds again.

To me they speak of brighter days—
  But lull the chords, for now, alas!
I must not think, I may not gaze
  On what I am, on what I was.

2.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
  Is hushed, and all their charms are fled;
And now their softest notes repeat
  A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!
Yes, Thyrza! yes, they breathe of thee,
  Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
And all that once was harmony
  Is worse than discord to my heart!

XIII.

STANZAS.

1.

Away, away, ye notes of woe!
Be silent thou once soothing strain,
Or I must flee from hence, for, oh!
I dare not trust those sounds again.

To me they speak of brighter days—
  But lull the chords, for now, alas!
I must not think, I may not gaze
  On what I am, on what I was.

2.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
  Is hushed, and all their charms are fled;
And now their softest notes repeat
  A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!
Yes, Thyrza! yes, they breathe of thee,
  Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
And all that once was harmony
  Is worse than discord to my heart!

3.

'Tis silent all!—but on my ear
The well-remembered echoes thrill;
I hear a voice I would not hear,
A voice that now might well be still,
Yet oft my doubting soul 'twill shake:
Ev'n slumber owns its gentle tone,
Till consciousness will vainly wake
To listen, though the dream be flown.

4.

Sweet Thyrza! waking as in sleep,
Thou art but now a lovely dream;
A star that trembled o'er the deep,
Then turned from earth its tender beam.

But he, who through life's dreary way
  Must pass, when heav'n is veiled in wrath,
Will long lament the vanished ray
  That scattered gladness o'er his path.

XIV.

TO THYRZA.

1.

ONE struggle more, and I am free
  From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
  Then back to busy life again.

It suits me well to mingle now
  With things that never pleased before:
Though every joy is fled below,
  What future grief can touch me more?

2.

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring;
  Man was not formed to live alone:
I'll be that light unmeaning thing
  That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
It was not thus in days more dear,
  It never would have been, but thou
Hast fled, and left me lonely here;
  Thou'rt nothing, all are nothing now.

3.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
  The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
  Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
  Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure fires the madd'ning soul,
  The heart—the heart is lonely still!

4.

On many a lone and lovely night
  It soothed to gaze upon the sky;
For then I deemed the heav'nly light
  Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:

And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
  When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
"Now Thyrza gazes on that moon—"
  Alas, it gleamed upon her grave!

5.

When stretched on fever's sleepless bed,
  And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
"'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
  "That Thyrza cannot know my pains:"
Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
  A boon 'tis idle then to give,
Relenting Nature vainly gave
  My life, when Thyrza ceased to live!

6.

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,
When love and life alike were new!
How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
How tinged by time with sorrow's hue!
The heart that gave itself with thee
Is silent—ah, were mine as still!
Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
It feels, it sickens with the chill.

7.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
Though painful, welcome to my breast!
Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
Or break the heart to which thou'rt prest!

Time tempers love, but not removes,
  More hallowed when its hope is fled:
Oh! what are thousand living loves
  To that which cannot quit the dead?

XV.

EUTHANASIA.

1.

When Time, or soon or late, shall bring
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
Oblivion! may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

2.

No band of friends or heirs be there,
To weep, or wish, the coming blow:
No maiden, with dishevelled hair,
To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

3.

But silent let me sink to Earth,
With no officious mourners near:
I would not mar one hour of mirth,
Nor startle friendship with a fear.

4.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour
Could nobly check its useless sighs,
Might then exert its latest power
In her who lives and him who dies.

5.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche! to the last
Thy features still serene to see:
Forgetful of its struggles past,
E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

6.

But vain the wish—for Beauty still
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath;
And woman's tears, produced at will,
Deceive in life, unman in death.

7.

Then lonely be my latest hour,
Without regret, without a groan!
For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,
And pain been transient or unknown.

8.

" Ay, but to die, and go," alas!
Where all have gone, and all must go!
To be the nothing that I was
Ere born to life and living woe!

9.

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.

XVI.

STANZAS.

"Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

1.

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon returned to Earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

2.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
  Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
  So I behold them not:
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved and long must love
  Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

3.

Yet did I love thee to the last
  As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
  And canst not alter now.

The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

4.

The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine:
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have passed away;
I might have watched through long decay.

5.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched
  Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatched,
  The leaves must drop away:
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
  Than see it plucked to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

6.

I know not if I could have borne
  To see thy beauties fade;
The night that followed such a morn
  Had worn a deeper shade:

Thy day without a cloud hath past,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
  Extinguished, not decayed;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

7.

As once I wept, if I could weep
  My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
  One vigil o'er thy bed;
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
  Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

8.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
  Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
  Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity,
  Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

XVII.

STANZAS.

1.

If sometimes in the haunts of men
  Thine image from my breast may fade,
The lonely hour presents again
  The semblance of thy gentle shade:
And now that sad and silent hour
  Thus much of thee can still restore,
And sorrow unobserved may pour
  The plaint she dare not speak before.

2.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile,
I waste one thought I owe to thee,
And, self-condemned, appear to smile,
Unfaithful to thy Memory!
Nor deem that memory less dear,
That then I seem not to repine,
I would not fools should overhear
One sigh that should be wholly *thine*.

3.

If not the Goblet pass unquaffed,
It is not drained to banish care,
The cup must hold a deadlier draught,
That brings a Lethe for despair.

And could Oblivion set my soul
From all her troubled visions free,
I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
That drowned a single thought of thee.

4.

For wert thou vanished from my mind,
Where could my vacant bosom turn?
And who would then remain behind
To honour thine abandoned Urn?
No, No—it is my sorrow's pride
That last dear duty to fulfil;
Though all the world forget beside,
'Tis meet that I remember still.

5.

For well I know, that such had been
  Thy gentle care for him, who now
Unmourned shall quit this mortal scene,
  Where none regarded him, but thou:
And, Oh! I feel in *that* was given
  A blessing never meant for me;
Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,
  For earthly Love to merit thee.

March 14*th*, 1812.

XVIII.

On a Cornelian Heart which was broken.

1.

Ill-fated Heart! and can it be
  That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain?
Have years of care for thine and thee
  Alike been all employed in vain?

2.

Yet precious seems each shattered part,
  And every fragment dearer grown,
Since he who wears thee, feels thou art
  A fitter emblem of *his own.*

XIX.

[This poem and the following were written some years ago.]

To a Youthful Friend.

1.

Few years have passed since thou and I
   Were firmest friends, at least in name,
And childhood's gay sincerity
   Preserved our feelings long the same.

2.

But now, like me, too well thou know'st
What trifles oft the heart recall;
And those who once have loved the most
Too soon forget they loved at all.

3.

And such the change the heart displays,
So frail is early friendship's reign,
A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,
Will view thy mind estranged again.

4.

If so, it never shall be mine
To mourn the loss of such a heart;
The fault was Nature's fault, not thine,
Which made thee fickle as thou art.

5.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,
So human feelings ebb and flow;
And who would in a breast confide
Where stormy passions ever glow?

6.

It boots not, that together bred,
Our childish days were days of joy;
My spring of life has quickly fled;
Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.

7.

And when we bid adieu to youth,
Slaves to the specious world's controul,
We sigh a long farewell to truth;
That world corrupts the noblest soul.

8.

Ah, joyous season! when the mind
  Dares all things boldly but to lie;
When thought ere spoke is unconfined,
  And sparkles in the placid eye.

9.

Not so in Man's maturer years,
  When Man himself is but a tool;
When interest sways our hopes and fears,
  And all must love and hate by rule.

10.

With fools in kindred vice the same,
  We learn at length our faults to blend,
And those, and those alone may claim
  The prostituted name of friend.

11.

Such is the common lot of man:
Can we then 'scape from folly free?
Can we reverse the general plan,
Nor be what all in turn must be?

12.

No, for myself, so dark my fate
Through every turn of life hath been;
Man and the world I so much hate,
I care not when I quit the scene.

13.

But thou, with spirit frail and light,
Wilt shine awhile and pass away;
As glow-worms sparkle through the night,
But dare not stand the test of day.

14.

Alas! whenever folly calls
  Where parasites and princes meet,
(For cherished first in royal halls,
  The welcome vices kindly greet)

15.

Ev'n now thou'rt nightly seen to add
  One insect to the fluttering crowd;
And still thy trifling heart is glad,
  To join the vain, and court the proud.

16.

There dost thou glide from fair to fair,
  Still simpering on with eager haste,
As flies along the gay parterre,
  That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.

17.

But say, what nymph will prize the flame
Which seems, as marshy vapours move,
To flit along from dame to dame,
An ignis-fatuus gleam of love?

18.

What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,
Will deign to own a kindred care?
Who will debase his manly mind,
For friendship every fool may share?

19.

In time forbear; amidst the throng
No more so base a thing be seen;
No more so idly pass along:
Be something, any thing, but—mean.

XX.

To * * * * * *

1.

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

2.

Thy husband's blest—and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot:
But let them pass—Oh! how my heart
Would hate him, if he loved thee not!

3.

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when th' unconscious infant smiled,
I kissed it, for its mother's sake.

4.

I kissed it, and repressed my sighs
Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.

5.

Mary, adieu! I must away:
While thou art blest I'll not repine;
But near thee I can never stay;
My heart would soon again be thine.

6.

I deemed that time, I deemed that pride
Had quenched at length my boyish flame;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all, save hope, the same.

7.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look;
But now to tremble were a crime—
We met, and not a nerve was shook.

8.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
  Yet meet with no confusion there:
One only feeling could'st thou trace;
  The sullen calmness of despair.

9.

Away! away! my early dream
  Remembrance never must awake:
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
  My foolish heart be still, or break.

XXI.

From the Portuguese.

In moments to delight devoted,
  "My life!" with tend'rest tone, you cry;
Dear words! on which my heart had doted,
  If youth could neither fade nor die.
To death even hours like these must roll,
  Ah! then repeat those accents never;
Or change "my life!" into "my soul!"
  Which, like my love, exists for ever.

XXII.

Impromptu, in Reply to a Friend.

When from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink:
My thoughts their dungeon know too well;
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
And droop within their silent cell.

Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,
While thousands,thronged around the burning dome,
Shrank back appalled, and trembled for their home,
As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own,
Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
Usurped the Muse's realm, and marked her fall;
Say—shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
Reared where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favour which the former knew,
A shrine for Shakspeare—worthy him and *you*?

Yes—it shall be—the magic of that name
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame;

On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been*;
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell—
Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well!*

As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,
Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
O'erwhelmed the gentlest, stormed the sternest heart.
On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew;
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sighed his last thanks, and wept his last adieu:
But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom
That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.

XXIII.

Address, spoken at the opening of Drury-lane Theatre, Saturday, October 10th, 1812.

In one dread night our city saw, and sighed,
Bowed to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, (oh! sight admired and mourned,
Whose radiance mocked the ruin it adorned!)
Through clouds of fire, the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven;

Such Drury claimed and claims—nor you refuse
One tribute to revive his slumbering muse;
With garlands deck your own Menander's head!
Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead!

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write.
Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs*;
While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass
To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
Immortal names, emblazoned on our line,
Pause—ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the stage! to whom both Players and
Plays
Must sue alike for pardon, or for praise,
Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless power to cherish or reject;
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forbore to blame;
If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
To soothe the sickly taste, it dare not mend,
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!
Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause;
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
And reason's voice be echoed back by ours!

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obeyed,
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
Receive *our* welcome too, whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises—may our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
Still may *we* please—long, long may *you* preside!

XXIV.

TO TIME.

Time! on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly,
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
But drag or drive us on to die—
Hail thou! who on my birth bestowed
Those boons to all that know thee known;
Yet better I sustain thy load,
For now I bear the weight alone.
I would not one fond heart should share
The bitter moments thou hast given;
And pardon thee, since thou could'st spare
All that I loved, to peace or heav'n.

To them be joy or rest, on me
  Thy future ills shall press in vain;
I nothing owe but years to thee,
  A debt already paid in pain.
Yet even that pain was some relief;
  It felt, but still forgot thy power:
The active agony of grief
  Retards, but never counts the hour.
In joy I've sighed to think thy flight
  Would soon subside from swift to slow;
Thy cloud could overcast the light,
  But could not add a night to woe;
For then, however drear and dark,
  My soul was suited to thy sky;
One star alone shot forth a spark
  To prove thee—not Eternity.

That beam hath sunk, and now thou art
  A blank; a thing to count and curse
Through each dull tedious trifling part,
  Which all regret, yet all rehearse.
One scene even thou canst not deform;
  The limit of thy sloth or speed,
When future wanderers bear the storm
  Which we shall sleep too sound to heed:
And I can smile to think how weak
  Thine efforts shortly shall be shown,
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
  Must fall upon—a nameless stone!

XXV.

Translation of a Romaic Love Song.

1.

Ah! Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt,
Which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,
While day and night roll darkling by.

2.

Without one friend to hear my woe,
I faint, I die beneath the blow.
That Love had arrows, well I knew;
Alas! I find them poisoned too.

3.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net,
Which Love around your haunts hath set;
Or circled by his fatal fire,
Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

4.

A bird of free and careless wing
Was I, through many a smiling spring;
But caught within the subtle snare,
I burn, and feebly flutter there.

5.

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,
Can neither feel nor pity pain,
The cold repulse, the look askance,
The lightning of Love's angry glance.

6.

In flattering dreams I deemed thee mine;
Now hope, and he who hoped, decline;
Like melting wax, or withering flower,
I feel my passion, and thy power.

7.

My light of life! ah, tell me why
That pouting lip, and altered eye?
My bird of love! my beauteous mate!
And art thou changed, and canst thou hate?

8.

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:
What wretch with me would barter woe?
My bird! relent: one note could give
A charm, to bid thy lover live.

9.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,
In silent anguish I sustain;
And still thy heart, without partaking
One pang, exults—while mine is breaking.

10.

Pour me the poison; fear not thou!
Thou canst not murder more than now:
I've lived to curse my natal day,
And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

11.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,
Can patience preach thee into rest?
Alas! too late, I dearly know,
That joy is harbinger of woe.

XXVI.

A SONG.

1.

THOU art not false, but thou art fickle,
To those thyself so fondly sought;
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
Are doubly bitter from that thought:
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grievest,
Too well thou lov'st—too soon thou leavest.

2.

The wholly false the heart despises,
And spurns deceiver and deceit;
But she who not a thought disguises,
Whose love is as sincere as sweet,—
When she can change who loved so truly,
It feels what mine has felt so newly.

3.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
Is doomed to all who love or live;
And if, when conscious on the morrow,
We scarce our fancy can forgive,
That cheated us in slumber only,
To leave the waking soul more lonely,

4.

What must they feel whom no false vision,
  But truest, tenderest passion warmed?
Sincere, but swift in sad transition,
  As if a dream alone had charmed?
Ah! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,
And all thy change can be but dreaming!

XXVII.

On being asked what was the "Origin of Love?"

THE "Origin of Love!"—Ah why
That cruel question ask of me,
When thou may'st read in many an eye
He starts to life on seeing thee?
And should'st thou seek his *end* to know:
My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,
He'll linger long in silent woe;
But live—until I cease to be.

XXVIII.

Remember him, &c.

1.

Remember him, whom passion's power
 Severely, deeply, vainly proved:
Remember thou that dangerous hour
 When neither fell, though both were loved.

2.

That yielding breast, that melting eye,
Too much invited to be blest:
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,
The wilder wish reproved, represt.

3.

Oh! let me feel that all I lost,
But saved thee all that conscience fears;
And blush for every pang it cost
To spare the vain remorse of years.

4.

Yet think of this when many a tongue,
Whose busy accents whisper blame,
Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,
And brand a nearly blighted name.

5.

Think that, whate'er to others, thou
Hast seen each selfish thought subdued:
I bless thy purer soul even now,
Even now, in midnight solitude.

6.

Oh, God! that we had met in time,
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free;
When thou had'st loved without a crime,
And I been less unworthy thee!

7.

Far may thy days, as heretofore,
From this our gaudy world be past!
And, that too bitter moment o'er,
Oh! may such trial be thy last!

8.

This heart, alas! perverted long,
Itself destroyed might there destroy;
To meet thee in the glittering throng,
Would wake Presumption's hope of joy.

9.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,
Like mine, is wild and worthless all,
That world resign—such scenes forego,
Where those who feel must surely fall.

10.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness,
Thy soul from long seclusion pure;
From what even here hath past, may guess
What there thy bosom must endure.

11.

Oh! pardon that imploring tear,
Since not by Virtue shed in vain,
My frenzy drew from eyes so dear;
For me they shall not weep again.

12.

Though long and mournful must it be,
The thought that we no more may meet;
Yet I deserve the stern decree,
And almost deem the sentence sweet.

13.

Still, had I loved thee less, my heart
Had then less sacrificed to thine;
It felt not half so much to part,
As if its guilt had made thee mine.

XXIX.

Lines inscribed upon a Cup formed from a Skull.

1.

Start not—nor deem my spirit fled:
  In me behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living head,
  Whatever flows is never dull.

2.

I lived, I loved, I quaffed, like thee;
I died; let earth my bones resign:
Fill up—thou canst not injure me;
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

3.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood;
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of Gods, than reptile's food.

4.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
In aid of others' let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine!

5.

Quaff while thou canst—another race,
When thou and thine like me are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

6.

Why not? since through life's little day
Our heads such sad effects produce;
Redeemed from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

XXX.

To a Lady weeping.

Weep, daughter of a royal line,
  A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
Ah, happy! if each tear of thine
  Could wash a father's fault away!

Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears—
 Auspicious to these suffering isles;
And be each drop in future years
 Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!

March, 1812.

XXXI.

From the Turkish.

1.

The chain I gave was fair to view,
The lute I added sweet in sound,
The heart that offered both was true,
And ill deserved the fate it found.

2.

These gifts were charmed by secret spell
  Thy truth in absence to divine;
And they have done their duty well,
  Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

3.

That chain was firm in every link,
  But not to bear a stranger's touch;
That lute was sweet—till thou could'st think
  In other hands its notes were such.

4.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
  The chain which shivered in his grasp,
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
  Restring the chords, renew the clasp.

5.

When thou wert changed, they altered too;
The chain is broke, the music mute:
'Tis past—to them and thee adieu—
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

XXXII.

SONNET.

To Genevra.

THINE eyes blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features—caught
From contemplation—where serenely wrought,
Seems Sorrow's softness charmed from its despair—
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
That—but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
With mines of unalloyed and stainless thought—
I should have deemed thee doomed to earthly care.

With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
  When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
(Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)
  The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn—
Such seem'st thou—but how much more excellent!
  With nought Remorse can claim—nor Virtue scorn.

XXXIII.

SONNET.

To Genevra.

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
My heart would wish away that ruder glow:—
And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—but oh!
While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.

For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
  The soul of melancholy Gentleness
Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
  Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
  orship more, but cannot love thee less.

XXXIV.

Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog.

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:

But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.

Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 30, 1808.

XXXV.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
  For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
  But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
  Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
  Are in that word—Farewell!—Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast, and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel;
I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

XXXVI.

On the Death of Sir Peter Parker, Bart.

THERE is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent:
In vain their bones unburied lie,
All earth becomes their monument!

A tomb is theirs on every page,
An epitaph on every tongue.
The present hours, the future age,
For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth
Grows hushed, *their name* the only sound;
While deep Remembrance pours to Worth
The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,
  Lamented by admiring foes,
Who would not share their glorious lot?
  Who would not die the death they chose?

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined
  Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;
And early valour, glowing, find
  A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee
  In woe, that glory cannot quell;
And shuddering hear of victory,
  Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
  When cease to hear thy cherished name?
Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
  While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,
  They cannot choose but weep the more;
Deep for the dead the grief must be,
  Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

NOTES.

NOTES

TO

THE POEMS.

Note 1, page 33.

Written after swimming from Sestos to Abydos.

On the 3d of May, 1810, while the Salsette (Captain Bathurst) was lying in the Dardanelles, Lieutenant Ekenhead of that frigate and the writer of these rhymes swam from the European shore to the Asiatic—by-the-by, from Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct. The whole distance from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles; though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across, and it may in some measure be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten, minutes. The

water was extremely cold from the melting of the mountain-snows. About three weeks before, in April, we had made an attempt, but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the straits, as just stated; entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic, fort. Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Oliver mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul, Tarragona, remembered neither of these circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the Salsette's crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was, that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability.

Note 2, page 36.

Ζώη μȣ̃, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Zoë mou, sas agapo, or Ζώη μȣ̃, σάς ἀγαπῶ, a Romaic expression of tenderness: if I translate it I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I supposed they could not; and if I do not I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, "My life, I love you!" which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much

in fashion in Greece at this day as, Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenized.

Note 3, page 37, line 9.

By all the token-flowers that tell.

In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignations) flowers, cinders, pebbles, &c. convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury—an old woman. A cinder says, "I burn for thee;" a bunch of flowers tied with hair, "Take me and fly;" but a pebble declares—what nothing else can.

Note 4, page 38, line 3.

Though I fly to Istambol.

Constantinople.

Note 5, page 40, line 11.

And the seven-hilled city seeking.

Constantinople. "Επταλοφος."

HEBREW MELODIES.

The subsequent poems were written at the request of my friend, the Hon. D. Kinnaird, for a Selection of Hebrew Melodies, and have been published, with the music, arranged, by Mr. Braham and Mr. Nathan.

HEBREW MELODIES.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

I.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

II.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
  Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
  Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
  How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

III.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
  So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
  But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
  A heart whose love is innocent!

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT.

I.

The harp the monarch minstrel swept,
  The King of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which Music hallowed while she wept
  O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
  Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven!
It softened men of iron mould,
  It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
  That felt not, fired not to the tone,
  Till David's Lyre grew mightier than his throne!

II.

It told the triumphs of our King,
 It wafted glory to our God;
It made our gladdened vallies ring,
 The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
Its sound aspired to Heaven and there abode!
Since then, though heard on earth no more,
 Devotion and her daughter Love
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
 To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light can not remove.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

I.

If that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving Love endears;
If there the cherished heart be fond,
The eye the same, except in tears—
How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth and find all fears
Lost in thy light—Eternity!

II.

It must be so: 'tis not for self
  That we so tremble on the brink;
And striving to o'erleap the gulph,
  Yet cling to Being's severing link.
Oh! in that future let us think
  To hold each heart the heart that shares,
With them the immortal waters drink,
  And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

THE WILD GAZELLE.

I.

THE WILD GAZELLE on Judah's hills
  Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
  That gush on holy ground;
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by:—

II.

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witnessed there;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

III.

More blest each palm that shades those plains
Than Israel's scattered race;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace:
It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

IV.

But we must wander witheringly,
  In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
  Our own may never lie:
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE.

I.

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the Godless
dwell!

II.

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leaped before its heavenly voice?

III.

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their Country—Israel but the grave!

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

I.

On Jordan's banks the Arabs' camels stray,
On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—
Yet there—even there—Oh God! thy thunders sleep:

II.

There—where thy finger scorched the tablet stone!
There—where thy shadow to thy people shone!
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:
Thyself—none living see and not expire!

III.

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear!
Sweep from his shivered hand the oppressor's spear:
How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod!
How long thy temple worshipless, Oh God!

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

I.

SINCE our Country, our God—Oh, my Sire!
Demand that thy Daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

II.

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

III.

And of this, oh, my Father! be sure—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

IV.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my Father and Country are free!

V.

When this blood of thy giving hath gushed,
When the voice that thou lovest is hushed,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

I.

OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

II.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
  Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
  And lingering pause and lightly tread;
  Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the dead!

III.

Away; we know that tears are vain,
  That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
  Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

MY SOUL IS DARK.

I.

My soul is dark—Oh! quickly string
  The harp I yet can brook to hear;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
  Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
If in this heart a hope be dear,
  That sound shall charm it forth again;
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
  'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain:

II.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
  Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
  Or else this heavy heart will burst;
For it hath been by sorrow nurst,
  And ached in sleepless silence long;
And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,
  And break at once—or yield to song.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I.

I SAW THEE WEEP—the big bright tear
  Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
  A violet dropping dew:
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
  Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
  That filled that glance of thine.

II.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
  A deep and mellow die,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
  Can banish from the sky,
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
  Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
  That lightens o'er the heart.

THY DAYS ARE DONE.

I.

Thy days are done, thy fame begun;
  Thy country's strains record
The triumphs of her chosen Son,
  The slaughters of his sword!
The deeds he did, the fields he won,
  The freedom he restored!

II.

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
  Thou shalt not taste of death!
The generous blood that flowed from thee
  Disdained to sink beneath:
Within our veins its currents be,
  Thy spirit on our breath!

III.

Thy name, our charging hosts along,
  Shall be the battle-word!
Thy fall, the theme of choral song
  From virgin voices poured!
To weep would do thy glory wrong;
  Thou shalt not be deplored.

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

I.

Warriors and Chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

II.

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

III.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

SAUL.

I.

Thou whose spell can raise the dead,
  Bid the prophet's form appear.
"Samuel, raise thy buried head!
  "King, behold the phantom seer!"

Earth yawned; he stood the centre of a cloud:
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;
His hand was withered, and his veins were dry;
His foot, in bony whiteness, glittered there,
Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare:
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
Like caverned winds, the hollow accents came.
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

II.

"Why is my sleep disquieted?
"Who is he that calls the dead?
"Is it thou, Oh King? Behold
"Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:

" Such are mine; and such shall be
" Thine, to-morrow, when with me:
" Ere the coming day is done,
" Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
" Fare thee well, but for a day;
" Then we mix our mouldering clay.
" Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
" Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
" And the falchion by thy side
" To thy heart, thy hand shall guide:
" Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
" Son and sire, the house of Saul!"

"ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER."

I.

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
And health and youth possessed me;
My goblets blushed from every vine,
And lovely forms caressed me;

I sunned my heart in beauty's eyes,
  And felt my soul grow tender;
All earth can give, or mortal prize,
  Was mine of regal splendour.

II.

I strive to number o'er what days
  Remembrance can discover,
Which all that life or earth displays
  Would lure me to live over.

There rose no day, there rolled no hour
  Of pleasure unembittered;
And not a trapping decked my power
  That galled not while it glittered.

III.

The serpent of the field, by art
And spells, is won from harming;
But that which coils around the heart,
Oh! who hath power of charming?

It will not list to wisdom's lore,
Nor music's voice can lure it;
But there it stings for evermore
The soul that must endure it.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

I.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

II.

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recal:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

III.

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.

And where the future mars or makes,
  Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quenched or system breaks,
  Fixed in its own eternity.

IV.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
  It lives all passionless and pure:
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
  Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
  O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly;
A nameless and eternal thing,
  Forgetting what it was to die.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

I

THE King was on his throne,
The Satraps thronged the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine!

II.

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

III.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.

"Let the men of lore appear,
"The wisest of the earth,
"And expound the words of fear,
"Which mar our royal mirth."

IV.

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

V.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

VI.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
"His kingdom passed away,
"He in the balance weighed,
"Is light and worthless clay.

"The shroud, his robe of state,
"His canopy, the stone;
"The Mede is at his gate!
"The Persian on his throne!"

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS!

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to joy remembered well!
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays;
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant—clear—but, oh how cold!

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU DEEM'ST IT TO BE.

I.

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU DEEM'ST IT TO BE,
I need not have wandered from far Galilee;
It was but abjuring my creed to efface
The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of my race.

II.

If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee!
If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free!
If the Exile on earth is an Outcast on high,
Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.

III.

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst
bestow,
As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know;
In his hand is my heart and my hope—and in thine
The land and the life which for him I resign.

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.

I.

OH, Mariamne! now for thee
The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding;
Revenge is lost in agony,
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.

Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?
  Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:
Ah, could'st thou—thou would'st pardon now,
  Though heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

II.

And is she dead?—and did they dare
  Obey my phrensy's jealous raving?
My wrath but doomed my own despair:
  The sword that smote her 's o'er me waving.—
But thou art cold, my murdered love!
  And this dark heart is vainly craving
For her who soars alone above,
  And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

III.

She's gone, who shared my diadem;
  She sunk, with her my joys entombing;
I swept that flower from Judah's stem
  Whose leaves for me alone were blooming.
And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
  This bosom's desolation dooming;
And I have earned those tortures well,
  Which unconsumed are still consuming!

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS.

I.

FROM the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome
I beheld thee, Oh SION! when rendered to Rome:
'Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall
Flashed back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

II.

I looked for thy temple, I looked for my home,
And forgot for a moment my bondage to come;
I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,
And the fast-fettered hands that made vengeance in
vain.

III.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;
While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy
shrine.

IV.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
But I marked not the twilight beam melting away;
Oh! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head!

V.

But the Gods of the Pagan shall never profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdained not to reign;
And scattered and scorned as thy people may be,
Our worship, oh Father! is only for thee.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN AND WEPT.

I.

We sate down and wept by the waters
  Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
  Made Salem's high places his prey;
And ye, oh her desolate daughters!
  Were scattered all weeping away.

II.

While sadly we gazed on the river
  Which rolled on in freedom below,
They demanded the song; but, oh never
  That triumph the stranger shall know!
May this right hand be withered for ever,
  Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

III.

On the willow that harp is suspended,
  Oh Salem! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended
  But left me that token of thee:
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
  With the voice of the spoiler by me!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SEMNACHERIB.

I.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

II.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

III.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

IV.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his
pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

V.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his
mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

VI.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

FROM JOB.

I.

A SPIRIT passed before me: I beheld
The face of Immortality unveiled—
Deep sleep came down on ev'ry eye save mine—
And there it stood,—all formless—but divine:
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;
And as my damp hair stiffened, thus it spake:

II.

"Is man more just than God? Is man more pure
"Than he who deems even Seraphs insecure?
"Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust!
"The moth survives you, and are ye more just?
"Things of a day! you wither ere the night,
"Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light!"

THE END.